EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

THE Nation

DECEMBER 22, 1956
20c

COURAGE IN ACTION

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In Clinton, Tenn.

by Wilma Dykeman and James Stokely

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You, Too, Can Drive a Juke Box

by David Cort

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LETTERS

U. S. and Suez

In the following letters, two views are presented on U.S.—and The Nation's—*policy in the Suez crisis. The correspondents are Frederick L. Schuman, noted historian and professor of government at Williams College, and David Weissman, New York attorney on constitutional law and a close observer of international developments.* The Nation *will print more letters on this important subject.*

Dear Sirs: Herewith a letter of dissent from your editorial of November 24, which begins "By and large the Administration has acted wisely in meeting the grave crisis which has arisen . . ." and goes on to praise Ike for "avoiding taking the issue from the U. N., where it belongs, to a Big Power conference," with praise tempered only by anxiety lest Ike revert to "defense of colonialism."

Help! Never did I expect to find myself in accord with the Alsop brothers, Edgar Ansel Mowrer, David Ben-Gurion and the right wing of the British Tories against *The Nation.* What you have written is nevertheless quite wrong. The policies you are praising are almost mathematically certain to lead to irreparable calamity.

The advisers of the "Hitler of the Nile" include the ex-Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, a Nazi agent during World War II, and the escaped war criminal, Dr. Johann von Leers, whose contribution to the murder of 6,000,000 Jews was at least as decisive as that of his boss, Paul Joseph Goebbels, and of Alfred Rosenberg and Julius Streicher. Colonel Nasser is as dearly beloved by the rulers of Russia as was *Der Fuehrer* of the Third Reich between 1939 and 1941—with results for Russia too painful to require recall. I am not endorsing "guilt by association." But Nasser has made his intentions as clear as Hitler did in *Mein Kampf.*

No issue of "colonialism" is even remotely involved. Shepilov's demagoguery, Mao's understandable anti-Americanism and Nehru's confusions need not be echoed by Eisenhower or by *The Nation.* Nasser is sworn to destroy Israel and all Anglo-French interests and influence throughout Africa and Western Asia.

It was precisely the Eisenhower-Dulles policy of sponsoring the absurd Baghdad Pact, appeasing Nasser, refusing arms to Israel and forbidding Britain and France to lift a finger to avert threatened national ruin which left London, Paris and Tel Aviv with no alternative, as the price of survival, to their mismanaged and abortive effort to cut Nasser down to size. This, in turn, precipitated the Russian horror in Hungary where Washington's long-standing promises of "liberation" constituted a cruel deception of the Hungarian people.

With the fat in the fire, our policy-makers, thus far, have been so totally lacking in realism and imagination that they have done nothing save support the efforts of Dag Hammarskjold, the Soviet bloc and the Asian-Arab irresponsibles to restore the *status quo*—which, if restored, spells the destruction of Israel; an immense political victory, snatched from the jaws of military defeat, for Nasser; the reduction to impotence of France and Britain; the end of NATO; and the delivery of all the Middle East into Russian hands with ultimate results threatening World War III—since the global equipoise of forces on which peace depends will then have been fatally disrupted.

These are policies of catastrophe, as coming events will show. Nothing short of a Big Power conference and an East-West accord can save the situation. Only through a hard-headed bargain among equals can any "liberation" of the satellites be achieved (via the necessary "neutralization" of Central Europe), any security for Israel be assured, any freedom of passage through Suez be guaranteed and any alleviation of the desperate poverty of the Arabs be attained. In all of these matters the U.N., since it possesses none of the attributes whatever of a world government, is a fiction, a fraud and a shabby device to enable The Great Powers to evade their obligations.

The men of Moscow, I believe, would respond favorably to any serious proposals for bargaining and would gladly come to terms on a basis of *quid pro quo.* Whether the Eisenhower Administration is capable of any such desperately needed initiative remains to be seen. Meanwhile let *The Nation,* please, not confuse irresponsibility with statesmanship and disaster with success.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass.

Dear Sirs: The Nation's editorial comment (November 21) on the present direction of United States policy in Eastern Europe and the Middle East is welcome proof that not all liberals have lost their balance. Your praise of President Eisenhower's leadership, courage and actions seems to me just and right.

Last summer, Secretary of Defense Wilson remarked before a Congressional committee that the West constantly speaks of its fears of the Russians, but never seems to realize that the Russians may be frightened of the West. To us, conscious of the purity of our purposes,

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1956
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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 18

Editorials

International Morality and the U.N.

Critics of the Administration's policy of using the U.N. as its main reliance in dealing with the Suez crisis can be grouped in two broad categories: the cynics who feel that Washington turned to the U.N. because it had no policy of its own and elected to join the Russians in forcing the British out of the oil-rich Middle East; and the erstwhile idealists who have suddenly become advocates of the unilateral use of force. It is one of the odd aspects of the criticism directed at the Administration that so many of the critics should be liberals who now denigrate morality as a force in world affairs.

Is their bitterness justified? Having signed the U.N. Charter, the British and the French acted in bad faith in attempting to seize the canal. A large section of influential British opinion promptly condemned the action, as did a preponderant section of world opinion. Noting the alignment of domestic and world opinion, the British and French governments then reverted to their role as morally responsible members of a world community and announced their withdrawal from Suez. By doing so they cut their losses and managed to salvage some prestige. Regardless of other considerations which may have been involved—lack of power, Russian threats, oil sanctions, etc.—British and French acquiesence in the U.N. mandate represented, on its face, a victory for international morality and the U.N. But far from being hailed as such, it has been described as a "disaster"—and by former proponents of moral force as the prime instrument of policy.

These same critics set up a great hue-and-cry about the failure of the U.N.—and the Administration—to come to grips with the "realities" of the grim tragedy in Hungary. At the outset, *The Nation* suggested that the Administration might be well advised to concentrate on the Suez issue and secure some commitments on it before tackling the much tougher Hungarian problem. The wisdom of this policy is now apparent. The Russians have suffered a humiliating, crippling and richly deserved defeat at the U.N. But this defeat is not sensed by the liberal critics of the Administration as a vindication of the policy of acting through the U.N.; quite the contrary, they imply that a unilateral ultimatum of some sort might have "saved" Hungary. But it is precisely because the magnificent courage of the Hungarian people made such an irresistible appeal to world opinion that Hungary will be saved and the Soviets, sooner or later, forced to withdraw from Eastern Europe.

THOSE WHO discount morality as a force in world affairs overlook two revolutionary pressures at work in the present situation. One is the volume and velocity—the cumulative force—of world opinion *now* as distinguished, say, from the late 1920s or early 1930s. Six hundred million people in three Asian countries alone—India, Pakistan and Ceylon—now speak in their own right, not to mention millions of recently liberated peoples in Africa and Asia who were the silent victims of aggression in the 1930s. The presence of the U.N. in New York assures that its deliberations will be carried by press, radio and television to the ends of the earth in a matter of hours. When focussed by effective leadership on an issue with clear moral implications, world opinion will today whiplash an aggressor with force and swiftness.

The other "unseen" factor at work is the role of youth. A generation born in the years of Munich and Spain and Manchuria is now crossing the fragile, ever-shifting borderline between late youth and early manhood. In most parts of the world and particularly in Eastern Europe, this generation is politically wise beyond its years, rebellious and impatient with the double-talk and follies of its elders. The youth of Hungary sparked the revolt there. In East Germany, quisling Walter Ulbricht is constantly snapping and snarling at university students. In Spain, Franco has been unable to silence their protests. The college press of this country has shown more interest, enthusiasm and unanimity on the Hungarian revolt than on any issue in the post-war period. The ferment of a new generation at the base of the population pyramid is now shaking the entire structure. A new generation is taking over; the Churchills, the Adenauers and the other octogenarians are being

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The best way *not* to appeal to these new to adopt a cynical old-style "power-politics" . Far from having ceased to be a factor in world , international morality is a more powerful factor in the cynical days when Spengler could refer to League of Nations, and with some justification, as at "little group of parasitic holiday-makers on the ake of Geneva." It is in part because of this change in the international political landscape that the United Nations is a great deal more than "a fiction, a fraud and a shabby device to enable the Great Powers to evade their obligations" (see comment by Dr. Frederick L. Schuman in the letters column).

The Agony of Hungary

The political struggle in Hungary has now reached the critical phase, with Soviet prestige and power at stake. Responsible observers estimate that the Kadar regime can muster no more than five per cent of the Hungarian people. It is absurd to suggest that a popular uprising of this magnitude could have been touched off by the leaflets of Radio Free Europe, or the remnants of the Horthy Iron Guards, or by the "spies and agents" of "imperialist" powers. An entire people has revolted. Not since the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War or the Nazi persecutions has an issue touched world opinion so deeply.

But the agony of the Hungarian people might be shortened if the Administration, in addition to the actions it has initiated and supported at the U.N., were to take advantage of the opportunity that now exists to make the Soviets a bold offer, linked perhaps to the latest Bulgarian proposal, to create a new security system in Europe based on as large as possible a grouping of neutral states between Russia and the NATO powers. If the initiative came from the West, it might make it easier for the Soviets to accept some such solution to the problem of Eastern Europe and of European security and, incidentally, of the German problem. The Russians must realize that they have lost Eastern Europe; they should therefore be willing to withdraw their troops, particularly if they were to gain some additional security by doing so. The Russians are fearful. But it would be a grave mistake to exploit this fear. It must be allayed if possible, and quickly. The greatest single danger in the present situation is that fear might prompt the Soviets to make a miscalculation which could result in irreversible and fateful consequences. Decisions promoted by panic are irrational by definition.

Spitting in the Wind

Another little dictator has gone to his little exile. Early this month, Paul Magloire was asked to pack his tassels, medals and uniforms and *get.*

Here's how it happened. His electoral term was over. Timorously, shyly, modestly, other candidates for President of the Republic of Haiti put themselves forward —including one who seemed to be Magloire's creature. But Magloire's feelings were hurt by their hints of corruption and brutality, and so one morning suddenly he resigned. Quit. However, ten minutes later, "by popular request," he assumed dictatorial powers as "Chief of the Army" and "Chief of State." He clapped all the candidates for president into jail except those who went into hiding.

Police vans and army cars flitted through Port-au-Prince; the prisons were filled. Meanwhile, a general strike grew up—not particularly organized, just happening, out of the shame and disgust of ordinary people. Magloire appeared with his boys, waving submachine guns, at the largest department store in town and made the owner promise to open up. But no one came to work. The department store stayed shut. No clerks, no lawyers, no markets—nothing. The nation stopped, pondered and waited.

Magloire was bewildered. This man for six years had terrified the public, repressed his opposition, closed newspapers, looted and plundered the treasury and once congratulated the police for shooting down two men, armed only with paper and glue, caught pasting a cartoon of him on a wall. He raged and roared. Within a few days after the general strike began, however, he must have remembered what happened to one of his predecessors, the President Guillaume Sam, who was torn limb from limb by a mob which thus expressed its disapproval of dictatorship. Magloire began quietly to pack.

IS THERE a lesson in this familiar story?

The United States supported this character, Magloire, for years. He was given loans and all sorts of help —money which went mainly, not to help the suffering Haitian people, but to line the pockets of a ruling clique while the people sank deeper into their misery. He was welcomed when he visited the States and even invited to address Congress, where he talked about the Great Democracy of the Caribbean, etc., Joins Hands, etc., To Defeat the Communist Conspiracy, etc., Please give us another loan.

Now what? Haiti is nearly bankrupt. Its people are groaning. The resentment toward America is all that the Communists could desire. What did the United States gain?

The only ones to come out with dignity are the Haitian people, who without violence even under threat and rant, simply refused to let the machinery of society run and made their protest effective. Will we now help the ruling bourgeoisie set up another "strong man" who—as the Haitians said of Paul Magloire—"spits in the air and doesn't realize that eventually it will land on his nose"?

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Courage in Action

IN CLINTON, TENNESSEE

by WILMA DYKEMAN AND JAMES STOKELY

Clinton, Tennessee

ANYONE WHO HAS spent his life in a small Southern town can remember a soft summer evening when the day's work and worry were temporarily stilled and in that moment just between twilight and darkness the soothing music from a Negro church on the fringes of town floated effortlessly across all the visible and invisible barriers, pleading: "Just a closer walk with Thee—"

Many who still live in the Southern towns but have not forgotten the message are discovering that it is not always effortless or peaceful to find a closer walk with their consciences, their Christianity or their citizenship. But there are those who keep walking—taking the decisive first steps, the cumulative long strides. Those who live outside the South and register only despair over its dilemma should find a measure of wonder and joy in the enormous courage these everyday citizens are displaying every day. Their fortitude is doubly admirable in a region which stresses sociability and where their adversaries are not foreign invaders but next-door neighbors beside whom they will probably continue to spend the rest of their lives.

Such a one is the minister in Clinton, Tennessee, who recently gave new meaning to the words of that old spiritual. As one townsman said, "When we all got up here that Tuesday morning, we had two big questions nobody was very anxious to face, much less answer: what about the Negro kids who had stayed out of high school since the Wednesday before because they'd taken about all the petty torment they could? And what about the city election we were holding that day, with the White Citizens' Council in its first test of strength? By that night, those questions were on the way to being answered, or at least a lot better clarified in our minds. And Turner was the biggest reason why."

LATE IN November a stalemate had been reached in the desegregation situation at Clinton High School. A small gang, estimated by teachers at between forty and fifty out of the more than 700 white students in school, had concentrated on making life unbearable for the dozen Negro pupils. Some of the gang had been out of school since early autumn and had apparently returned only for the purposes of the recently organized White Youth Council. As the school faculty pointed out in a joint statement: "The activities of this small group in our school have been of a vicious nature, obviously prompted by a mature person." But by the last Wednesday of November they had achieved part of their goal—the Negro children were staying away from school.

"We'd had all we could bear," one Negro mother said. "We wanted some assurance our children wouldn't be harmed before we let them walk into that school again."

Principal D. J. Brittain, Jr. gave the Negro youngsters the same stalwart personal support he had given since school opened, but the school board said it could not make the guarantee the Negro parents wanted. Local police seemed ineffective and federal authorities made no public move to meet the crisis. The Negro children were out of school and the White Citizens' Council members were triumphant.

Then, on Monday, December 3, the Reverend Paul W. Turner sent word to the Negro children that if they wanted to return to school he would come and walk with them. The next morning the thirty-three-year-old minister walked past the big solid First Baptist Church where he has preached for eight years, down the main street decorated with lights and garlands and good-will greetings for the Christmas season, around the corner at the old brick courthouse where segregationist-agitator John Kasper had only recently been acquitted in his second trial for inciting to riot, and down the street to the high school which serves both Clinton and surrounding Anderson County. A block beyond the school building a steep hill rises. The Rev. Turner now had two fellow townsmen walking with him: Sidney Davis and Leo Burnett, and the three of them climbed about halfway up the hill. There they were met by six Negro boys and girls. The little group went down the hill, past a huddle of perhaps fifty jeering white people, and the children went safely into the school. Davis and Burnett went back about their day's business, and Turner started for his church. Some of the gang outside the school followed him. A block away a half-dozen of them closed in. In the broad daylight of an unseasonably warm winter morning, on a downtown sidewalk in front of a small, well-occupied office building, the minister of the town's largest church was beaten up. Before the police arrived his blood had splattered the car near which he stood and stained the sidewalk.

NEWS of the attack blazed through Clinton like a leaf-fire. There were two immediate results. School was closed (a teacher had also been shoved around by two non-students who had entered the building during the morning and asked where they could find one of the Negroes). But the city polls stayed open—and instead of activity dwindling during

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WILMA DYKEMAN is the pen name of Mrs. James Stokely; she is the author of The French Broad, *one of the Rivers of America series. JAMES STOKELY, whose family has lived in Eastern Tennessee for generations, is a farmer and a poet.*

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the afternoon as is usual in small-town elections, there was actually a waiting line at times. The man and the event and the moment had met with rare fortuitousness that morning.

Trying to discover what happens when a man takes the right step at the right time, we talked with some of the people here.

"Remember, we're not called the Bible belt without reason. Turner wasn't just anyone getting mauled. He was a symbol, too. What happened, happened to us all—and it waked us up."

"Somebody had to do it. And it wasn't going to be my husband and it wasn't going to be any of the others that have businesses here in town. Most of us had shaken our heads over the Citizens' Council and what it stood for, but we'd gone right ahead pussy-footing and passing-the-buck. Paul Turner stuck his neck out for all of us."

"We don't think niggers ought to be mixed in the school or preachers mixed in any of it. The whole thing is that people here was raised to associate with niggers in their place. I ain't got nothing against them but they don't have no right to associate 100 per cent with white folks. We want them to have an education, it would be sure bad enough to have them running around like a bunch of heathens."

"They's a lot of white folks around here in league with that NAACP. White niggers is worse than black."

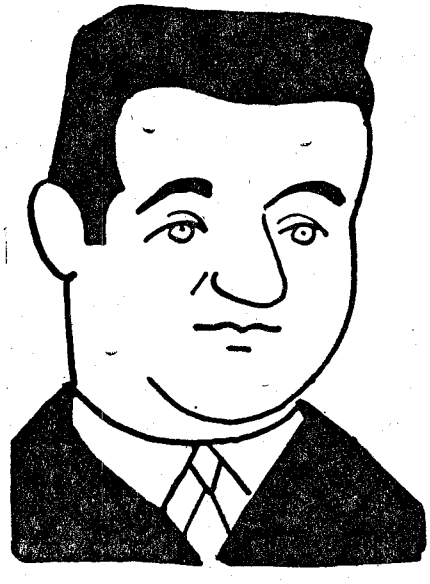
"The Communist Jews are behind it all. Frankfurter and Baruch and all them. They want an exuse to get things all tore up."

"You might call Paul the catalytic agent we needed to bring this whole thing into the open. The whole White Citizens' Council ticket for mayor and aldermen was defeated four to one. People who'd been afraid to speak up before spoke out with their ballots."

THESE men in their small-town offices and stores, these women in their neat yards and living rooms, these casual conversationalists along the streets, made vivid the fact that sometimes the most important step a citizen of a democracy can take is that short walk to the voting booth.

We went to see Paul Turner. His modest red brick house was filled with the buoyant sound of two small children, three years and eighteen months, and the pungent odor of dinner cooking in his wife, Jane's, kitchen. Six-feet, blue-eyed, friendly and relaxed, he did not talk glibly nor heroically about what had happened.

"Back in the fall when the first violence came, I didn't see what I could do to be effective except through my pulpit. The community didn't realize what was happening. We were all caught off guard. Action at the state level was the only answer. But this time we knew better what was going on. The hour had come when someone had to make a move or these people would win the day. Someone had to step out—and I guess I was elected. As things developed during the week and the Negro children were intimidated out of school, I began to think what I could do. First, of course, I could preach to my congregation about it on Sunday. Then on Monday I could act. And that's what I did."



Victor Volk

The Reverend Paul Turner

"Was your congregation behind you?"

"A minister and his congregation have to move together. Mr. Davis, one of the men who went with me, is the chairman of my Board of Deacons. The superintendent of our Sunday School and his wife came down here and slept at our house the night after this happened. If I walked back up the hill now I think I'd have a good crowd with me." He smiles a slow, broad smile.

"Why did they beat you and not the other two who were with you?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe they thought the other men might have pistols," he grins again. "They know a minister wouldn't be armed—at least with firearms."

We asked a young lawyer in town about the two men who had walked with the Reverend Turner. "Sid Davis is an attorney here in Clinton. He was on his way over to Knoxville that morning when he heard his minister was going to go bring the Negro children back to school. Sid is absolutely fearless. Maybe foolhardy. But he just went over and told Turner he'd go along. As for Leo Burnett, he's an accountant down here at the hosiery mill, not a member of Turner's church. But he got an idea of what this was all about before most of the rest of us. He was one of those John Kasper talked with when he first came down from Washington to stir up trouble back in August. Leo was out mowing his yard and this stranger came up and asked him if he believed in integration. Leo said no. Then Kasper went on to tell him about the tyranny of the Supreme Court, that it was like it was back in the days of England against the colonies. Leo told Kasper he might be against integration but hell, he didn't want to start a revolution and for Kasper to get out of his yard."

MANY OF the complexities of the Clinton situation are involved in that encounter. Chief among them is the dilemma of the great immobilized group, not only in Clinton but throughout the South, which does not want integration but does want to abide by the law. Faced on one hand with the immovable object of federal law, and on the other with the apparently irresistible force of elements which are always ready to resort to violence, they have been caught in a vacuum, without leader-

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ship and perhaps without precedent.

Probably 90 percent of the people of Clinton prefer segregation in the schools. Yet the overwhelming majority of their children accepted the Negro students into their midst with good will: they elected one Negro girl vice president of her class and when the school was closed the Student Council passed a resolution asking that classes be resumed as soon as possible and on an integrated basis. The parents themselves rejected the segregationist organization at the polls.

For those who can accept the reality that democracy is not perfection but a process working on the premise of perfectibility, it may not be premature to say that the unfolding story of Clinton reveals cause for quiet optimism.

"I used to think of myself as a segregationist," one man confides. "Now I'm not so sure. It's come to more than a matter of labels here, anyway. Whatever else I may or may not think I am, I know I'm for law and order."

Another man says: "A little while ago everybody around here started everything they said with, 'Now I'm not for integration, understand, but I don't like what these folks are doing—.' Now there's none of that prefacing' and—but' business. We just say, 'I'm against that crowd.'"

It seems clear that here, in the showdown, the organized segregationist movement has demonstrated the extremity of violence to which it will resort. The White Citizens' Council, which have always asserted they stood for peaceful means, must have found here that it is hard to be *a little bit* lawless. In a region which has always flaunted an individualistic attitude toward the law, it must be a thoughtless man or group indeed who sanctions disregard for the nation's highest tribunal.

AS FEDERAL authorities arrested sixteen of the alleged ringleaders among the troublemakers, Deep South segregationists realized that successful integration at Clinton would threaten their whole program and they launched a clever campaign of sympathy for "Clinton's citizens." Some of the newspapers pointed out that integration cannot be enforced if "the citizens" don't want it; Seaboard Citizens' Council leader John Kasper said in Washington that segregationists will spill their blood before bowing "to a creeping federal dictatorship"; a well-known Georgia attorney accused the Tennessee federal judge of "establishing a government of fear, rather than law"; "Ace" Carter of the North Alabama White Citizens' Council protested to Attorney General Brownell that in Clinton "Christian, God-fearing men, women and children are handcuffed and thrown into prison"; Governor Griffin of Georgia sent a personal check contributing to a legal fund for the "oppressed citizens" of Clinton. These self-appointed spokesmen cannot afford to admit that they have already been repudiated four-to-one by this citizenry. In fact, the people of Clinton have learned at first-hand that the high-flown language of nullification is kissing-kin to the brutal fist that smashes into a minister's face because he protects law-abiding children.

If outside agitators will leave Clinton to work out its own problems, if the Deep South will permit the border South this boon it is always demanding for itself from the North, the story of this town may well become one of the meaningful episodes in our national history. As school principal D. J. Brittain, Jr. said a few days ago: "We're not fighting these people for Clinton or Anderson county. We're fighting for the entire South." And if the struggle at Clinton is resolved in justice, no man will deserve higher honor from his town, his county, the South or the entire nation than Principal Brittain. Thin, bespectacled, almost frail in appearance, this man has withstood with iron determination, for better than three months, the daily onslaughts of those who would wreck his school.

The student body as a whole has supported its principal with rare devotion and steadfastness. Tired and disillusioned by some of the citizenry he feels has failed to step out and support him when he often seemed to stand alone, Principal Brittain hopes that with federal intervention in bringing the troublemakers to account his school may have a chance to do its job: educate all the children of its community without fear or favor.

There are others who have shared his hope and worked to make it real, too: editor Horace Wells, who has used his weekly newspaper to prick the consciences of Clinton and defy the rabble-rousers; young lawyer Buford Lewallen who, with attorney Leo Grant, Jr. from nearby Oak Ridge, led in forming the Home Guard when violence erupted at the opening of school, and who has since been attacked both verbally and physically.

THE Negro community knows who these people are. "Principal Brittain and all the teachers—they've been fine to the children," one Negro woman says.

Or one of the Negro girls who walked to school December 4: "Rev. Turner was wonderful. When we came down the hill and saw some people waiting there outside the school he just kept saying to us, 'Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid. I won't let them hurt you.'" The girl's mother listens with tears brimming in her wide brown eyes. "He knows courage all right. But I think he must have had something else too. Mr. Turner must know love."

This time of decision in the South may force America to abandon the romantic fiction that all her heroes walk in twenty-league boots with never a misstep. Those who are leading the way to law and order in Clinton wear ordinary human shoes —and sometimes falter. But if, during the coming months, they win their struggle, we may all be brought into a closer fresher walk with that weary phrase, "grass-roots democracy."

On December 10 Clinton High School reopened. The Negro students were once more in their seats; the hoodlums were gone and peace reigned. What was it the teacher of Paul Turner's conscience said? "Suffer the little children, *of whatever color,* to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such are the kingdom of God."

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You, Too, Can Drive a Juke Box

DAVID CORT

THERE WERE things going on in the United States this Christmas season that just could not be reconciled. On the one hand, at the National Automobile Show in New York—the first since 1940—grown men and women stared with the drunken eyes of children at the great tin gauds with "swept wings" (they fly?), "starflight styling" (oh, interplanetary), "tail fins" (no, they swim) and "anti-dive devices" (ah, submarines!).

On the other hand, elsewhere were symptoms of the seeing realism which gloriously comes to the top of the American character a little way short of disaster. Those who despair of the American destiny need to be reminded of Abraham Lincoln's data on fooling all the people some of the time, etc.

Let us look at the fatuous part first—the $10,000,000 Automobile Show.

It's a fine show. A very noisy floor show goes on six times a day, loaded with several dozen dancers and singers. But these girls are not as elegant as those scattered around or inside the exhibits. These latter dolls are much too good for the common people unless of course one buys the car on display. The men customers kept speaking to them hopefully and the smiles froze on the exquisite Gothic faces.

The cars are beautiful too. As objects to install in the parlor or back yard, there can be no cavil about their long, low, sneaky charm. I could understand a man who wanted to be buried in one. But as something to take down the street to get a coke, they are nearly as implausible as a four-horse Carthaginian chariot.

Consider that American cars are already eating up gasoline at an annual rate of a billion and a quarter forty-two-gallon-barrels, requiring something like three billion barrels of petroleum. And all new cars require high-octane gas. Proved United States oil reserves are currently only ten times the annual consumption, and have dropped as low as six times. And so the new cars boost power as high as 375 h.p. with greatly increased appetites for high-octane gas. Many go 140 miles an hour, but Buick supplies a buzzer to warn you when you exceed sixty. If you can't use that extra eighty miles an hour, what good is it? One answer is that your motor is always idling, even at sixty, and wasting more gas. Another answer is fast acceleration to get out of, and into, trouble on the road.

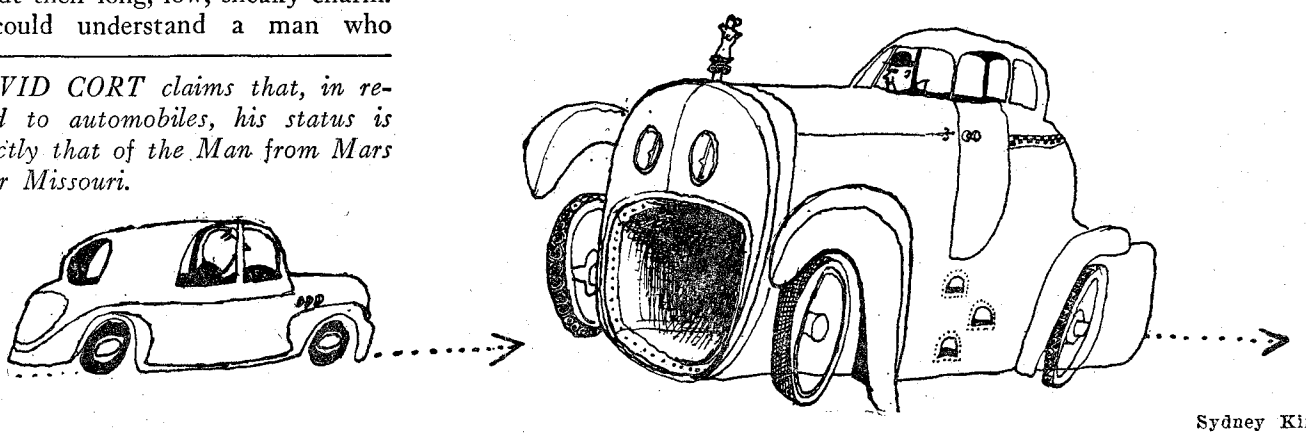
AS FOR the increased car lengths, city parking is already a nightmare and the nation's road system already congested, even though the road surface is 40,000 square miles, equivalent to five New England states. The new cars will clog the streets with luxurious, empty luggage compartments.

Every American man is a car expert, like the small boys of 1914 who first began mounting those lovely words, "horsepower," "carburetor," "ignition" etc., around the first garages. Yet even horsepower is not yet clearly understood.

On a car with an advertised 375 h.p., the textbook's indicated horsepower would be something over 400 h.p. The 375 represents "brake horse power" at maximum r.p.m. or speed, say, of 140 miles an hour. This is cut about 25 percent by the time it gets past the differential to the rear wheels—or 300 h.p. The great torque of an American car is what produces the "thrust" that makes it dangerous. A racing driver would know enough to take the options (axle ratio, special springs, etc.) that gave him something he could handle. He would be afraid of the showroom car.

THE tolerant British are very kind to the new American cars. *The Economist* writes, "The pattern of American design strategy depends, of course, on the general acceptance of one particular shape and size of automobile by the great majority of its customers—a roomy six-seater with a large trunk . . . automatic transmission; independent suspension in front and a beam axle behind; a structure in which most of the strength is concentrated in a frame below the body and comparatively little contributed by the body itself." Automatic transmissions "mass-produced in very high

DAVID CORT claims that, in regard to automobiles, his status is strictly that of the Man from Mars —or Missouri.



Sydney King

The Tunnel Car makes it possible, says the artist, to drive into oncoming traffic without actually hitting it.

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volume can nowadays be had for no great increase in price, and the 250 pounds they may add in weight are easily lost in the massive, powerful automobiles of Detroit. . . . In the United States, where freedom from noise and vibration is at a premium, and where most roads are so good that road-holding is at a discount . . . independent rear-springing has made no impact at all."

Detroit's conservatism has a reason; the industry has never forgotten Chrysler's almost fatal mistake in the thirties of offering the advanced Airflow to public apathy.

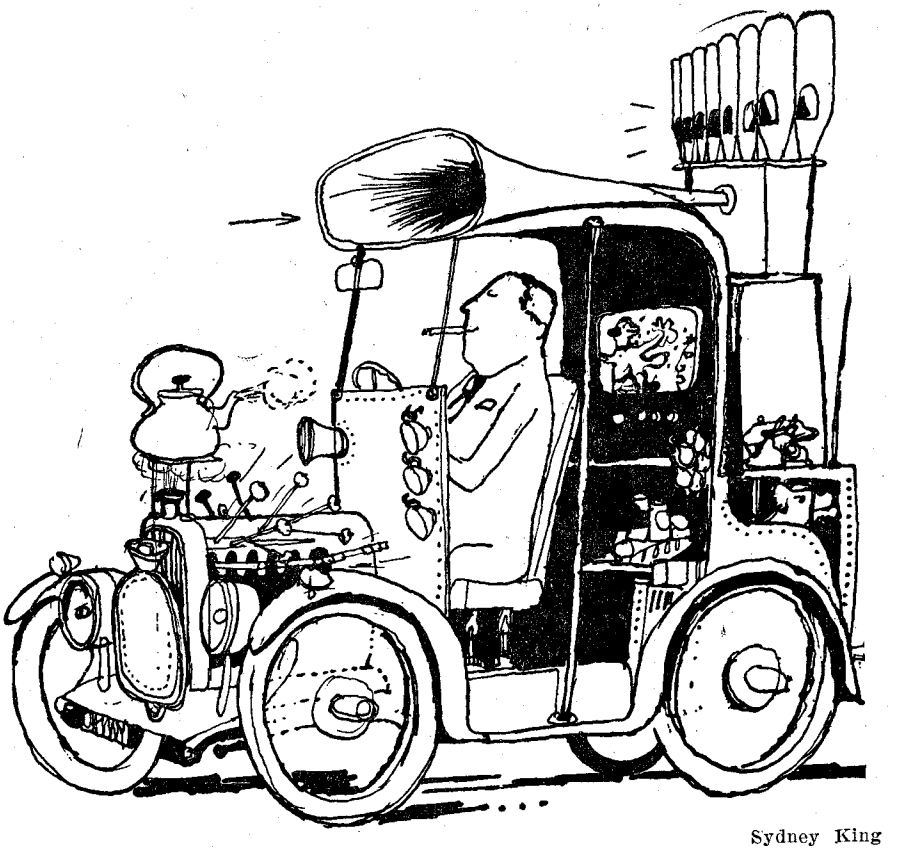
But the result is a car conceived as a featherbed on which the owner floats through life buoyed by feelings of enormous relaxed power. There would be no harm in selling these feelings to somebody in a seat at the movies, but selling them to him when he is in a two-ton vehicle moving at sixty m.p.h. is not nice. The driver's problem in reality is to maintain contact with the road and his vehicle, as if he were riding a horse. The American automobile's problem is to convince him that he is floating along one foot above the road. The two problems are in fatal conflict. The second sells the car; the first may kill the driver or somebody else. If the driver knowingly takes the chance, all right; but if he is surprised when it happens to him, as he usually is, his end is truly tragic.

THE NEW cars make the driver feel as if he were at home in his favorite armchair, with the heat on, the radio playing and the landscape as unobtrusive as a TV screen. This is all an escape from a volatile reality —a vehicle rolling along a curving road at sixty m.p.h. Thus, cold sober, in broad daylight, on a little-traveled thruway, he has the illusion of "flowing" around another car when his car is actually at seventy m.p.h., describing a self-made curve that his soft-sprung car cannot take without danger of rolling over or going out of control.

People do not necessarily buy a foreign car for the gasoline savings, the low upkeep or the durable little engine. The foreign car also holds the road and handles like a well-broken horse. It has used the know-how of modern engineering—no mystery to Detroit—to produce the most efficient light engine possible, the most effective suspension and the best road-holding qualities. On curving roads or city streets, I am told, a 375-h.p. showroom Chrysler could not catch an old, sixty h.p. Rolls-Royce. Within five minutes the Chrysler would be on its back, wheels spinning. Yet the Rolls Royce would be three feet shorter and two feet higher than the Chrysler, and have only one sixth the horse-power.

As against such a performance, the American car's more famous faults are secondary. So it has too much power; so it uses too much gas; so the new engines are so arranged that you can hardly get at your own spark-plugs; so the smallest dent in one of the idiotic fins means a $50 replacement (it can't be hammered out); so its length needs twice the road-room to make a turn; so its chrome stripes merely fake new design; so it has ten motors that can get out of order (transmission, brakes, windows, seats, steering, etc.); so nothing can be repaired by the owner. Most of this has been described as "built-in obsolescence." All, all, are forgivable; but it is not forgivable that this gorgeous juke-box, with all its lights flashing, may be taking the driver to his death. At the moment when he feels safest and most powerful, he may die. A million and a quarter have already been killed at the moment of power (some of them pedestrians); an undetermined percentage of another fifty million have died later of their injuries.

DETROIT expects to sell at least 6.3 million cars in 1957 against 1955's top 7.2. It had spent over a billion dollars over the past three years in tooling up. Probably the last great decisions were the new colors. These remind one of the colors in military service ribbons and are often properly metallic-looking. "Cutlass bronze, rose mist, artesian blue, desert glow, ice green"



Sydney King

The Home-Comforts Car

Overhead organ, with xylophone accompaniment, is powered by slipstream. There is a built-in TV, stove, telephone, radio and small rear compartment for pet dog. Note bunsen burners for winter driving.

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are some Oldsmobile samples. The Lincoln offers an ominous "Presidential black."

THE DAZED look did not blanket America. American realism was also on the job.

Preparatory to the Automobile Show, Dave Garroway and an audience of industrial designers were actually encouraged to badger the chief designers of these beautiful monstrosities. GM offered a ruddy, poker-playing Good Time Charlie, Ford a very talkative tennis-player, Chrysler a grey-faced, competent non-Ivy Leaguer, American a hoarse, straight-talking farmer, and Studebaker a balding Reserve Intelligence Major.

I was informed privately that most Detroit designers would as soon be seen in a zoot suit as in the cars they design. But it was soon evident that the new cars were a joke.

All the designers seemed to resent the fact that Garroway had put a 1952 Jaguar XK-120 engine into his old 1934 SS Jaguar body, but a Big Three designer drives a 1934 racing Studebaker. At this gathering a tone of ridicule of the new cars seemed correct. Garroway asked, "I'm building a place in the country —how long should I make my garage? What's the future of the fin? What do you plan for the low car—how low can you get?" The audience's questions were in the same disenchanted vein. Raymond Loewy, asked to make a comment, rose gravely and pronounced "I wish you all a very Merry Christmas."

The answers of the five designers charged with the idiocy of their designs, function-wise, boiled down to one answer: "The American public is to blame. If they want it, who are we not to let them have it?" The public, it seems, is not captive but captor; the automobile industry is not the creator, but the helpless creature, of its market. The stylists or designers had utterly accepted the sales department's thesis that every American car-owner wants something orthodox but slightly different, want to feel like a king for three months and will pay a high price for the feeling. He brings to a car-purchase something of the emotion he brought downstairs on Christmas morning when he was six years old. The new car looks like a Christmas tree, not so much in his eyes (he will be inside it most of the time) as in the eyes (as he imagines) of his wife, children and neighbors. The long slinky look, the unrepairable dozen motors, the chrome and the extras are childhood's miracles under the tree. Noel! Noel!

I do not believe in this cynical appraisal of the American citizen, which marches with the opinion of the slick magazine editor. Certainly American advertising and Communist propaganda are persuasive, but I do not believe that all the people are as foolish as Detroit and Moscow think. An annual turnover of seven million unpaid-for cars, swelling the citizen's present thirty billion dollar debt, is not really the foundation of American democracy.

The policeman at the Yale Bowl this year, faced with the worst traffic jam in his life, remembered that in the old days every car had held four or five people, but now the average car brought one or two. The larger, more powerful new cars transport only one third the number of people as did the old cars. The car-owners are growing less, not more, sociable; the traffic and the road system are alienating the people from their society. A man's pride in his car seems to be an anti-social emotion. On a mass-production level, it seems somehow related to the Egyptian Pharaoh's reasons for building a pyramid tomb.

At 42nd Street and Madison Avenue, a hundred citizens are crossing the street, at the intersection, with the lights. One more unimportant citizen is added, going down the street for a beer, and the hundred fall back and let the 101st through, in sudden fear for their lives. Ridiculous? No, for the last man has a two-ton casing and even without glancing at you can kill you stone-dead. The hundred know this well.

BEFORE I finish with the new cars, I cannot resist quoting a little from *Consumer Report*, January, 1955, on how to buy a used car. It seems that the cost of owning and operating a car is $1,316 the first year, $1,182 the second, $942 the third, $922 the fourth. The ideal buy is a three-year-old car that has been driven only 20,000 miles (but don't believe the speedometer).

Some of the recommended tests deserve to be described:

1) If the used car shows collision damage, abuse or high mileage, go away. Worn floor mat or brake pedal may indicate high mileage. Try to poke pencil through paint over small bumps or pits.

2) Jump on each corner of bumpers. Shock absorbers are defective if car shakes both up and down to normal.

3) When you shake top of front tire, clanking shows worn suspension or loose wheel bearings.

4) Suspension is out of line if front wheels, sighted from thirty feet away, are not perfectly perpendicular.

5) Steering gear linkage needs work if front wheels do not move before you have turned steering wheel two inches.

6) Clutch pedal needs work if resistance to your foot does not sharply increase after one inch.

7) The hydraulic brakes have a leak if foot brake sinks slowly after fifteen seconds of pressure.

8) If starter clanks, teeth may be missing in ring gear.

9) Big puff of blue smoke from exhaust after racing, idling, racing engine indicates very expensive job needed on valves or rings.

10) Trade your car before August, and get a car bonded by National Bonded Cars, Inc., at a cost of $35.

And so on.

Such sharp advice is particularly refreshing after one has been bemused by the dream-boats at the Automobile Show. It is very Yankee, and the Automobile Show is certainly very un-Yankee.

NEXT WEEK

The December 29 issue of The Nation will be devoted to a brilliant essay, Science and Human Values, by J. Bronowski, British scientist and man of letters. We believe you will want be keep this issue as a permanent addition to your library. — Editors.

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Siobhan McKenna at the NAM

DAN WAKEFIELD

IN THE three short days of its sixty-first convention, the National Association of Manufacturers was exposed to the assorted heretical doctrines of God, the Irish poets and American youth, in that order. It is not so frivolous to say that the NAM, after those frightening visitations, owes its collective sanity to the lavishly padded interior of its meeting place, the Waldorf-Astoria, where nothing that happens seems to bear any relation to reality; and the speakers drawn from its own membership, who managed in spite of the convention theme of "New Dimensions for America" to convey the warming impression that everything was still as it always was and ever shall be—except, of course, for the growing menace of labor and socialism (and they, after all, are old and comfortable menaces to the NAM). The real menaces were the guest outsiders (religious, poetic and young), for the logical conclusion of their combined messages could only be the dissolution of the NAM and a mass return to the soil by all its members.

These subversive messages came at the rate of one each day—each more surprising than the last. The first was from God, who is rather expected to throw a note of warning around at such occasions. It was delivered this time by The Very Reverend William A. Donaghy, S. J., president of Holy Cross, who turned out to be an unusually articulate and menacing messenger of the Word. He took as his text the decline and fall of Rome, Carthage—and possibly New York. He quoted to the manufacturers from Polybius:

> The Romans do not trouble about the moral decline of the empire. All that they ask is that it should be prosperous and secure. "What contents us," they say, "is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth so that he can afford a lavish expenditure and can keep the weak in subjection."

He recounted the tale of the tank-corps soldiers in the African campaign of World War II who rumbled past the mute sign in the wasted desert that read "Carthage"; and warned that if America did not return to the ways of the Spirit there could some day be "a similar bleak deserted plain and a similar pathetic sign—New York." He called for a new dimension of Faith and a rejection of the purely materialistic way of life which put men in "a world bounded on the East and West by birth and death, on the North and South by Dun and Bradstreet."

THE NAM applauded warmly as the Father finished, and one delegate was heard to remark as the session broke up for lunch that the Father was "a very forceful speaker." Technique, not philosophy, was all that had left its impression. The prophet was accepted by the business men as a competent—nay, talented—craftsman. The message itself was blunted by the reality of a manufacturing magnate's life and by the mass of words which had preceded the Father's speech and had affirmed that the delegates were there once again to beat the old drums.

". . . I wonder," said NAM president Cola G. Parker in the keynote address that began the day, "what is meant by such expressions as 'enlightened capitalism.' To the extent phrases like this mask a retreat from the ancient virtues of self-reliance, self-determination and self-responsibility, I for one cannot go along with them."

Let no one be deceived by the title of the keynote speech and the convention theme, "New Dimensions for America." The boys were back for their annual return to the nourishing earth for root-holds in the ancient values.

But respect for the theme did stimulate some real soul-searching among several of the NAM's own gospel carriers. Imagine the moral agony of Merle G. Jones, president of the Store-Kraft Manufacturing Company, as he sat in his study in the God-forsaken flats of Beatrice, Nebraska, this fall and got his mandate to speak in New York on "New Dimensions for America." Introduced to the assembly as a Sunday School teacher as well as a successful manufacturer, Mr. Jones took the stand, unbuttoned and rebuttoned his blue double-breasted suitcoat and began with this thought that must have come to him at the time of agony in Beatrice: "I am told that Abraham Lincoln once gave a very simple analytical outline that could be applied to many situations. He asked these questions: 1. Where are you? 2. In what direction are you going? 3. How will you get there?"

Mr. Jones asked himself the first question, and wrenched out this conclusion: "Well, at least we are not in the past. Whenever I am tempted to live in the past, I am reminded of a comment that was often made by W. B. Morton, the founder of the Store-Kraft Manufacturing Company: 'Things aren't what they used to be and never were.' No, we are not living in the past."

THE New Dimensions for America were taking shape, and the NAM pressed on down the trackless red-carpeted frontiers of the Waldorf, rising Thursday morning to the Starlight Roof for a session of the wives sternly titled "Women Mean Business." The Starlight Roof suggests the scene of a funeral that might have been staged by Jay Gatsby in his headier days. The ladies, heavily hatted and furred, moved in quietly to expose themselves to the promised enlightenment.

They were told in the twanging tones of Walter G. Koch, president of the International Steel Company, that "Women Mean Business"—didn't they own 54 per cent of all stock, 65 per cent of all savings accounts and the deeds to 40 per cent of all homes in America? In recognition of their great role in the economy, president Parker would speak to them on the subject "You and Your NAM" and pull no punches—it was time for women to share the

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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responsibilities and know the truth. He told them that the NAM "stands for freedom."

The ladies raised no argument to that, and seemed willing enough to accept Mr. Parker's subsequent challenge that they learn about economics, politics and such matters, and keep right up there with the menfolk. As a first step in their education, a style show was presented with costumes "from many lands," and a chatty commentary informed the girls as a model floated up the aisle in a German peasant costume that "Germany is a land of romantic scenery and wonderful castles—seemingly unchanged through the centuries." So much for Germany.

BUT THE hard facts of current problems were brought to the fore at the end of the session by Henry J. Taylor, radio commentator and prophet. Mr. Taylor rambled around the Suez question without much response and finally got down to Korea, which drew a good hand from the ladies in praise of General Douglas MacArthur. After a rather sketchy summary of the world's pressure centers, Mr. Taylor prophesied that business, in general, whold be good next year. There would be "some uncertainties in certain industries," he said; but he felt that there was "no need to spell it out."

Thus armed, the ladies exited for lunch in the Grand Ballroom, evidently meaning business.

THE program had said that Siobhan McKenna, then starring downtown in *St. Joan,* would be the "feature" of the luncheon entertainment. It did not say what she would do. And who among us, either the NAM folks or we few visitors of little faith, suspected that she would read to the National Association of Manufacturers from the poetry of James Stephens and William Butler Yeats?

With waiters still rattling silver in the background, the spotlight struck the darkened stage and the figure of Miss McKenna, straight and poised in a plain black suit, appeared before the manufacturers armed only with the volumes of Stephens and Yeats. The room gradually quieted and the audience sat in respectful silence, applauding at appropriate intervals. It was, after all, being "entertained." Miss McKenna pronounced to this concentration of country-club, Junior League, Chamber of Commerce leadership the words of James Stephens that "all that is lonely is beautiful"; and out of Yeats, from *The Ballad of Moll Magee,* the notion that "God lights the stars, his candles, and looks upon the poor."

In the main section of the ballroom, the audience continued their mechanical cycle of silence and applause, but around the tables at the edges certain gentlemen began to show signs of restlessness. They were the older ones, who resembled *Pravda*-conceived cartoons of fat-cat capitalists, red-necked and recently heavy with poppy-seed rolls, no doubt wondering what the state of the world had come to. A gentleman whose name card placed him as a citizen of Two Rivers, Michigan, asked a colleague from Marion, Indiana, "What's this all about, anyway?" The Hoosier gentleman evidently wasn't up on his early Yeats, and suggested they "get outta here," which they did. A man whose tag identified him as the president and treasurer of the Abrasive Machine Tools Corporation of East Providence, R. I., wondered when the main speaker would come on. It was then that Miss McKenna was reading her final selection, which ended with the lines

> But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
> I have spread my dreams under your feet;
> Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The lights went on, chairs shifted and the main speaker, Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange, was reminded of a story before plunging into his text ("Needed: A Fair and Warmer Investment Climate"). It seems there were two fellows in some pretty hot spot, and the first fellow said to the second fellow, "Gimme something tall, cool and loaded with gin," and the second fellow said, "Careful what you say, you're talking about my wife."

Yeats was gone; the program was back down to business.

But the sixty-first convention of the NAM was not yet free of the voices of heresy. On the third morning the student winners of the NAM's annual scholarship awards were billed on a panel discussion with six industrialists to discuss "New Dimensions for America." The official program reported that "These students were invited to attend all sessions of the three-day meeting so that they could observe at first hand industry's thinking and philosophy."

The six industrialists were evidently unprepared for the possibility that the kids might not have dug the "thinking and philosophy" of the industry which they had just observed at first hand. After all, they were getting their scholarships, a trip to New York and a chance to talk to these prime movers of production. But the questioning had no more than gotten underway when it turned out that Alexander M. Clarke of Virginia Military Institute had some grave worries about the future of capitalism.

"We know that another depression would ruin capitalism," he said. "If we fall down like they did in the thirties, the plants'll close up and we won't be able to open up again. NAM says it doesn't like government centralization, but without government controls, what does NAM propose to do about the business cycle going another way? If the government takes off controls, what does NAM propose to do in place of them?"

CADET Clarke was asured by one of the industrialists that the NAM "has more confidence in a free market than it has in the decisions of the bureaucrats"; that it has "tremendous faith in the overall ability of the American consumer to spend his money."

One of the panelists, becoming aroused, asked Cadet Clarke if they didn't teach him over at that military academy how to get out there and fight for what he wanted, and not have the other fellow do it for him. Cadet Clarke, replied that at the military academy they taught him to obey his officers. The matter was dropped.

It was then that Rosemary Lee

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of Chatham College, Pittsburgh, wished to put the question of federal aid to education before the industrialists. She wished to quote from Peter Marshall that "Liberty is not the right to do what you please, but the opportunity to please do what is right." "Would it," she asked the panel, "be more democratic for a certain business to decide what is right—or for a whole government, representing all the people, to say if we need federal aid to education and ought to support it?"

Dr. Ralph Robey, economic adviser to the NAM, explained that he had no use for federal aid to education, that it would mean complete government control and that students ("just like you!") would be told what to study and would have to do it, just as they did in Russia.

This evaluation drew the wrath of a young man listed as Lloyd G. Becraft, a student at Montana State College. "I disagree with you," he said. "I go to school at Montana State College and we get federal aid and our president says there are no strings attached and we do what we want, study what we want, think what we want. As for me, I'd be in favor of accepting money from the Communist party as long as there were no strings attached to it."

The audience was suddenly shifting, buzzing and laughing. The industrial panelists were beginning to raise their voices more than was necessary to be heard on the public address system. One blurted out that "Your parallel between taking money from the Communist party and the federal government is very apt."

THE interlocutor, sent for the occasion by NBC, looked for the next question. It came from Daniel S. Kemp of Reed College, Portland, Oregon. He wanted to know about the dangers of overproduction and its consequences to future generations. Wasn't it the responsibility of the manufacturers to consider these consequences now? One of the industrialists answered him with the words of a popular song: *Que sera, sera,* the man said.

Feeling perhaps that this was not enough, Cola G. Parker leaned to the microphone and explained to the lost young man from Oregon that the reason businesses failed, after all, was that they didn't do what the consumer wanted.

Dr. Robey, getting more excited, moved to the fore and pounded out the philosophy of mass consumption. There was no need to worry about overproduction, he said, because of the wonderful phenomenon of consumption, which resulted in this saving line of thought, as summed up in a little story: "Anything I have one of, I'd like a second one of—at the right price—including my wife."

Thus introduced to the mystique of the American economy, the college students were told by the NBC man that the game was up, thanks for the questions.

The audience was loudly astir as the curtains closed. What was it creating with its national scholarships? One NAM staffer who has been through several of these annual rites said they always had the student quiz, but the students had never been so "enthusiastic" before. There was the feeling that given another hour of questioning the industrialists would have had no choice but to ring down the curtain and revoke the scholarships.

The world of the NAM conventions, usually bounded so safely (to use the imagery of Father Donaghy) on the East and West by Lexington and Park avenues, on the North and South by the laws of supply and demand, below by the Grand Ballroom and above by the Starlight Roof, had been badly violated. God and William Butler Yeats might be dismissed as "unrealistic." But who could acsount for Lloyd G. Becraft, the boy from Bozeman, Montana?

Halfbacks Carry the Mortgage..

by ROGER KAHN

FOR A TIME this autumn, college football seemed to be caught in one of the waves of public morality which have been advancing for a decade or so. It is hard to argue with a good, loud vow to be pure, but carried into college football this sort of thing could have been tragic, at least to those of us who like football skillful, fast and exciting.

Drive out the tramp athletes, as a California athletic official promised in September, or stop recruiting farmhands, as a Midwestern educator pledged in October, and what have you got left to play football? You've got students, that's what, and once you've seen one student play, you've seen them all.

Fortunately for us spectators, by now it has become clear as a golden autumn afternoon that the colleges did not intend to drive the halfbacks out of their admission offices, after all. They were only pretending out there on the Pacific Coast and at Ann Arbor, Michigan. For after such phrases as "dual morality must be eliminated" echoed into silence early in the season, students once again were confined to classrooms and the distinction between football players at ambitious colleges and the professionals in the National Football League remained small: the college players would never accept checks.

Occasionally someone suggests that it is not proper to be flippant with a problem which has moved half the big colleges in America to cheat, connive and break rules. Occasionally someone suggests that there is nothing wrong with subsidizing college athletes. Well, it seems to me that there is a great deal wrong with paying muscular "C" students to go to college, and as for flippancy—the idea of a college president rounding up prospects as eagerly as a boxing promoter is as flip as anything that comes to mind.

From a great professional football player out of Texas comes a story, only slightly atypical, which shows

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the lengths to which the presidents and their recruiters are presently willing to go. Several scouts from the University of Oklahoma were looking for backfield prospects in the oil country of Texas, the pro star reports, and the best they saw was the son of a man who owns a few dozen wells. They made an introductory offer of room, board, books, tuition and $40 a month expenses, but the boy laughed them off.

"My daddy can afford to send me to college," the boy said, "and he wants me to go to Texas."

"Can you think of something you'd really like to have?" one of the scouts asked.

"Nope," the boy said, gesturing shyly toward six derricks in the distance.

"Say," the second scout said in a flash of inspiration. "You got any real close friends on your high-school team?"

"Sure," the boy said. "My two best buddies."

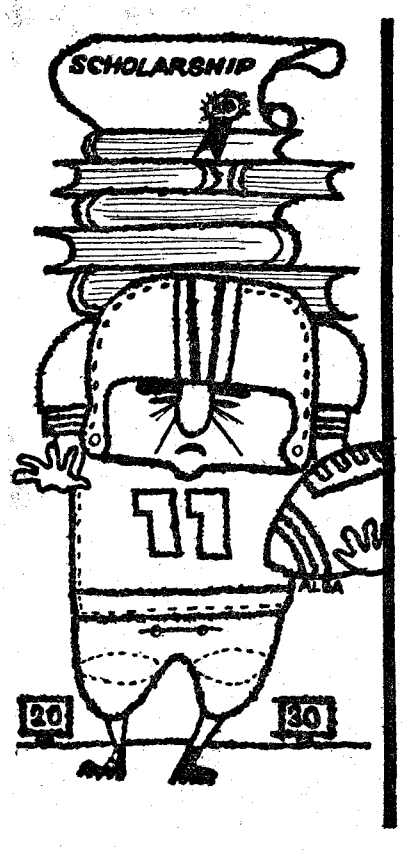
"Tell you what," the scout said. "You come on up to play at Oklahome and we'll give your two buddies scholarships so's they can come along, too. What do you say?" Ultimately, this boy said no, but Oklahoma scouts usually hear yes, which in part explains why the Oklahoma football team has not been defeated in four years.

COLLEGES first branched into the sideline of professional football during the 1920s and the reason put forth most often concerns mortgages. After World War I, it appears, countless colleges erected stadiums as memorials without fully realizing what they were getting into. Long after the last eulogy had been delivered, there remained sizeable bank notes to be paid. Track, soccer and girl's field hockey drew few spectators to the expensive stadiums, but football meant cash customers. Since good football teams drew more fans and more money than ordinary ones, it was only a question of time before the colleges were doing all they could to attract the best football players alive.

Meanwhile, universities which had neglected to build memorial stadiums gazed in wonder at football gate-receipts and started their own construction at the first thaw. Ever since, colleges have not attempted to stop attracting good players. Instead, they have tried to find rationalizations which would make such a policy gibe with a philosophy of education.

With potential income running over a million dollars a year for a good team, competition has been rough. Some schools, such as N.Y.U. and Fordham, which tried and failed to compete at a reasonable profit, have dropped football altogether. Others, such as Notre Dame, succeeded at the cost of developing a Hamlet's Mother Complex. Invariably, they protest too much; ask an innocent question about the way a Notre Dame fullback runs and you are told immediately what a whiz he is at organic chemistry.

VIRTUALLY every college currently involved in football is a member of a sprawling supervisory organization called the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which successfully worked out the limited television contract that is in operation but has been less successful in policing its recruiting "sanity code." Actually, the teams in the NCAA fall into more specific categories and each has been somewhat different in its reaction to the morality wave.



The Ivy League: These eight wealthy Eastern universities, aloof and proud because most of their football players are literate, this year banded into a formal league after fifty years of consistent but informal competition. Yale, beaten only by Colgate, a non-league member, won the championship rather handily. All the Ivies have agreed to prohibit athletic scholarships and in practice good athletes get only a slightly disproportionate number of their academic grants.

Harvard, Princeton and the rest do not have to make lavish offers. Bright high school athletes seldom miss the significance of an Ivy League diploma, and the point is stressed by many alumni who offer post-graduate jobs as lure. The caliber of football is only fair, but the Ivies are a happy, stuffy world unto themselves.

The Big Ten: Over the last twenty years, this group of large Midwestern colleges has played the best football in the country. Concerned about recruiting getting so far out of hand that two decades of sharp practice might come to light, the Big Ten investigated itself for most of this year. In October the investigating committee reported a series of complaints:

1. The coaches, whose jobs depend on winning, constantly evaded the rules on recruiting and financial aid to athletes. But, the committee conceded, the rules were not as clear as they should be. Aid, for example, is to be based on need and, citing "need," Michigan was giving $560 a year for pocket money out of a scholarship fund to a star end who was a "C-minus" student.

2. One school spent $13,600 to entertain football prospects last year. This year at least 500 prospective student athletes will visit each Big Ten school at the school's expense.

3. "Make-work" jobs have increased four-fold in ten years—and there were quite a few around ten years ago.

4. Despite a rule that athletic departments must file statements on financial aid to athletes, one college

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had no statement in the file for the past five years.

Good Big Ten athletes have gotten room, board, books, tuition, tickets and subsistence. The report is an admirable document, but star athletes will continue to receive room, board, etc.

The South and Southwest: Whether these teams are grouped in leagues is meaningless because their league rules are so loose. Traditionally, anything the NCAA can't prove goes.

Notre Dame: This school's poorest season since 1933 was only a terrible accident. Notre Dame will de-emphasize its football about the same time the New York Yankees decide to de-emphasize baseball. Athletes at Notre Dame must maintain a 77 average, but getting first crack at nearly every Roman Catholic high school in the country, Notre Dame has little trouble finding recruits who are bright as well as strong.

The Pacific Coast Conference: Here morality hit home hardest. For a while, in fact, Governor Goodwin Knight was urging the California schools to form their own private league. Practices similar to those of the Big Ten flourished here, but somewhat more openly and somewhat less smoothly. Colleges swiped athletes from one another, jealousies grew fierce and last year the schools eagerly began to blow whistles on each other. As a result, Victor O. Schmidt, commissioner of the conference and an ambitious, serious lawyer, found himself hip-deep in evidence embarrassing to everybody.

When Schmidt tried to investigate the athletic programs of U.C.L.A. and Washington at first hand, the two colleges refused to hold still. He then banned U.C.L.A. from the Rose Bowl for three years and Washington for two, moves that could cost each university almost $100,000. When he turned on California and Southern California, both admitted over-active recruiting. He fined California $25,000 and banned U.S.C. from the Rose Bowl for three years, in addition to fining that school $10,000.

Already there is talk in coast athletic circles that Schmidt wants to become a governor. "He'll get tired of playing cop," a friend from U.S.C. has been telling me bitterly.

More than twenty-five years ago, John Kieran proposed a solution to college football's numerous emphasis problems. "Stop charging admission," Kieran urged. It is significant that in the last twenty-five years both prices and emphasis have been stepped up.

I'm not a destructionist, but short of the elimination of money I can see no end to large-scale commercial college football. Pending that development, I intend to go on enjoying the games without bothering to find out whether the quarterback is driving a Cadillac or a bicycle. I don't approve of intercollegiate hypocrisy, but it is senseless to begrudge the quarterback his living.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

such Russian fears look irrational; but to them, with their historical memories of universal hostility and the continued clamor of an influential minority, their fears are real. I am convinced that their recent ruthlessness in Hungary and the Middle East is in the main their reaction to such fears.

Again we may think it irrational, but to the Russians (and the Poles and the Czechs also) a reunited, rearmed Germany is a nightmare. There are many indications that, since the death of Stalin, the Russians have been seeking to disengage themselves from Eastern Europe and were groping for a safe way to do so. The events in Hungary coming as they did in the midst of those in Egypt, threw them into a panic. The *New York Times* of November 11 reported: "Mr. Khrushchev promised that the Soviet Union would seek a Middle Eastern settlement because it realized the situation in Egypt was serious and 'the fire must be put out'." The last few words hold the key to an understanding of the violence of Bulganin's notes to Britain, France and Israel. Even a Westerner of good will finds it hard to believe that the Russians saw in the Egyptian adventure, into which they were afraid we might be sucked or voluntarily enter, a springboard for an attack on them. But they did, and, seeing it as such, and conjuring up their nightmarish vision of a reunited, rearmed Germany on the march following a revolt in East Germany if the Hungarian example were allowed to succeed, they acted as they did.

Their actions were horrible. But it serves no one's real interest, and least of all that of peace, to call for action which may involve nuclear war. What is needed are measures that will remove these (insane, if you like) fears and will at the same time create a climate which will enable the new, progressive forces in the USSR to gain the mastery of affairs they are striving for and direct the revolutions of our time into democratic channels.

In Europe, that can best be achieved by reuniting and neutralizing Germany in the framework of a general security treaty, with United States participation.

In the Middle East, it can be accomplished by an acknowledgment that the Russia of the twentieth century is a mighty power; the Middle East is its backyard and not a Western preserve; it, too, has legitimate interest there; and, as the President said in a recent press conference, you cannot eliminate its influence in that area entirely. This means an abandonment of the misbegotten Baghdad Pact and our bases there; an embargo on all arms to the area; cessation of all unfriendly propaganda; and an adequate program of economic aid with, as your editorial states, plenty of American dollars, all within the framework of the United Nations.

Such a climate in the Middle East holds the greatest promise for Israel. The well-wishers of Israel must once and for all learn that it cannot thrive or even survive unless the whole area is pacified and stabilized. And that simply cannot be done without Russian participation.

The West has legitimate interests in the Suez Canal and Middle East oil. But it must reconcile itself to the fact that these interests can be served only on a normal commercial basis and not by domination and exploitation. It is deceiving itself if it thinks that the Arab masses will quietly continue to endure poverty, hunger, disease and ignorance in order to supply the West with cheap fuel. And Russia is likewise deceiving itself if it thinks that the new order means no more than the substitution of its domination and exploitation for the old.

DAVID WEISSMAN

New York City

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Orwell: Pessimistic Liberal

THE ORWELL READER. Introduction by Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace. $5.95.

A STUDY OF GEORGE ORWELL. By Christopher Hollis. Henry Regnery Company. $3.75.

By Jacob Korg

A CHARACTERISTIC that George Orwell shared with Swift, a writer he admired and to whom he is often compared, was a sense that misery and debasement lie close to the surface of life. As a genuinely representative selection from his works, *The Orwell Reader* reflects his oppressive awareness of the fragility of human dignity. To Orwell the possibilities of existence were as ambiguous as the elegance of the Paris dining room, described in *Down and Out in Paris and London,* where food was brought in from a filthy scullery separated from it by no more than a swinging door and a straightening of the waiter's shoulders.

In the political variant of this pattern, the one that most concerned him, Orwell saw the serpent of totalitarianism lurking in the garden of democratic socialism. His work as a political writer constitutes a judgment, part negative and part affirmative, of the powerful egalitarian tradition founded by Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Although he remained a Socialist until the end of his life and passionately supported the classic liberal aims of freedom and equality, Orwell was convinced by some of his experiences, especially those of the Spanish Civil War, that the practical methods available for making liberty a political reality were bound to go astray. He learned that governments which begin as crystallizations of the general will are particularly vulnerable to power-hungry despots eager to turn them into instruments of oppression. Liberalism has generally been associated with the optimistic belief that the revolution, if it can only be achieved, will solve all problems. Orwell, however, was a new kind of liberal, a pessimist, who thought it inevitable that the revolution would betray the energies that shaped it and effect a final disastrous subversion of the idea of liberalism.

SINCE so much of his work arises from his feeling of horror at the actual or possible dehumanization of man, it seems logical to ask what Orwell considered the essential human qualities to be. He did not fear tyranny simply because it threatened happiness. Happiness, he observes in "Politics vs. Literature," is not a normal condition, and the question whether life is worth living at all is an open one. Why, then, is freedom important?

There are, I believe, two answers that Orwell can be imagined as giving to this question, in spite of his pessimism. "The essence of being human," he once wrote, "is that one does not seek perfection. . . ." His sympathy with imperfection is obvious from his devoted observation of derelicts, the morally and physically inferior heroes of his novels, and his interest in such humble representatives of popular taste as cheap fiction and comic postcards. Totalitarian systems enforce their discipline by making a striving for perfection the price of social acceptance. They seek to deprive people of their fallible humanity. Under such systems the weak, the criminal and the inefficient are not merely punished, but cast out. Orwell felt that forbidding people to be stupid, inadequate, selfish or aimless was a violation of their humanity.

A second threat posed by totalitarianism that would have mattered to Orwell was that it denied the weight of immediate impressions. One of Orwell's greatest talents was his ability to convey sensuous experiences accurately and vividly, a gift that obviously arose from a love of observation. The nearest thing to a spiritual revelation in his work is the scene in his novel, *Coming Up For Air,* where the unimaginative insurance agent, hemmed in by the tedium of suburban life, suddenly realizes that there is a Wordsworthian joy in examining such commonplace things as a dying fire or a pool of water. He decides that the real value of life lies in simple sensuous experiences of this kind. "It's the only thing worth having," he says, "and we don't want it." In an essay in *The Orwell Reader* the author wonders if it is "politically reprehensible" to enjoy the spring while the capitalist system still exists. From the totalitarian point of view, of course, it would be.

MR. HOLLIS' study of Orwell raises the question of whether personal acquaintance combined with fundamental disagreement is the best qualification for a critic. Mr. Hollis was at Eton with Orwell, met him during his policeman days in Burma, and knew him again in England after 1931. His book is lively and contentious; it contains some good personal impressions and ranges actively over the wide field of Orwell's interests. Unfortunately, Mr. Hollis seems unable to resist the temptation of passing gratuitous judgments on Orwell's opinions. Large portions of his book are devoted to debates on such topics as the effect of caning at school, nonconformity at Eton, capital punishment, the atmosphere of an Anglican rectory and the merits of Monsignor Knox. All this is exactly like a rambling argument between two old grads at a class reunion.

Mr. Hollis seems bent on making Orwell the subject of a posthumous conversion. Admitting that Orwell

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was critical of religion, Mr. Hollis nevertheless seeks to draw him into the fold of believers by using two methods. First, he undertakes to refute Orwell's objections to religion in general and Catholicism in particular. Orwell classed Catholicism as one of the orthodoxies that suppress free thought by contending that "the truth" has already been revealed through itself. Mr. Hollis casuistically strikes an attitude of flat denial, and then explains that Catholic doctrine holds that God's "gift of faith" is given to some and withheld from others. But since those chosen for faith are presumably none other than the saints and leaders of Catholicism, Mr. Hollis' description of the Catholic attitude actually confirms Orwell's.

His second method of converting Orwell is to show that many of his convictions imply a religious orientation. For example, he asserts, on insufficient grounds, that Orwell's objection to capital punishment makes sense only if it is based on a belief in immortality. Similarly, he argues that an "autonomous individual" can have no reason for caring about the truth. Only if God is accepted as Truth, says Mr. Hollis, can there be any motive for seeking it. "Of course," he adds, "Orwell half-understood all this."

Nothing could make it clearer that Mr. Hollis' bias prevents him from grasping Orwell's esential quality. Orwell said that to be a liberal was to choose Man instead of God. To him, as to independent thinkers in general, the only proper motive for seeking truth is personal, not collective, salvation. That Orwell valued "autonomy" above everything is shown by the fact that he repudiated causes to which he had grown attached because they belied his own perceptions. He was not a saint, but he was one of the few men who have been courageous enough to seek the truth simply because they wanted to live with it.

The Sack of Venice

VENICE OBSERVED. By Mary McCarthy. Reynal and Co. $15.

By Dawn Powell

HERE IS one of those synthetic spectaculars produced by publishers at this season, not quite literature, not quite art, not quite travel, but definitely Gift-Book. Rich aunt, neglected old friend, potential customer or boss are bound to be appeased by the printed price if they are not stupefied by the lavish beauty.

Georges and Rosamond Berniers, the shrewd publishers of the new art review *L'Oeil,* have assembled 200 pages of text, photographs and colored reproductions of Venice and Venetian art treasures in a volume companionable in size to your bound *Fortunes.* Although Professor André Chastel of the Sorbonne supplies lucid and fresh but scholarly comment on Venetian civilization and art, he is relegated to the Appendix, while an American author, Mary McCarthy, is gallantly accorded sole text credit on the cover. Indeed, turning the pages with Bellini in four colors on one side and Miss McCarthy in bright American voice on the other, the viewer gets the impression that she is the tourist for whose okay Venice has waited all these centuries.

AS HINTED on the cover, the intrepid Miss McCarthy will not take second place to any city or old masters; this is to be a bout. Bursting with research, laden with notebooks, goaded by deadlines, she doughtily matches herself against Venice, the reprobate of cities. And once again Venice, ever complaisant, permits herself to be trounced, scolded, kissed and forgiven as one more traveler plunders her legends, berates her commercialism, and pins good-boy badges on Giorgione, Veronese, Tintoretto, Tiepolo, *et al.* The lady journalist, benignly prepared to shake hands with Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, possibly Sarpio, is annoyed to find herself lumped instead with other tourists en route from Harry's Bar, Venice, to Harry's Bar, Torcello—Germans, at that, and crassly engaged in taking notes and pictures. The inconveniences of travel and the foreignness of foreigners add to the irritation. In her apartment Miss McCarthy notes that her co-tenants are pilfering her Joy, using up her Pepsodent and Lifebuoy, and above all watching every move she makes in their officious Venetian way. It is indeed hard for a girlish dreamer with her head in the upper brackets to make an honest buck writing about Venetian materialism if the natives persist in spying on her all the time. Is it possible that they are reserving the last blank page in this sumptuous book for a *"Yankee Go Home"?*

DAWN POWELL, novelist and critic, is the author of The Locusts Have No King *and* The Wicked Pavilion, *among others.*

Roarers in a Ring

Snow fell as for Wenceslas.
The moor foamed like a white
Running sea. A starved fox
Stared at the inn light.

In the red gridded glare of peat,
Faces sweating like hams,
Farmers roared their Christmas Eve
Out of the low beams.

Good company kept a laugh in the air
As if they tossed a ball
To top the skip of a devil that
Struck at it with his tail,

Or struck at the man who hold it long.
They so tossed laughter up
You would have thought that if they did not
Laugh, they must weep.

Therefore the ale went round and round.
Their mouths flung wide
The cataract of a laugh, lest
Silence drink blood.

And their eyes were screwed so tight,
While their grand bellies shook—
O their flesh would drop to dust
At the first sober look.

The air was new as a razor,
The moor looked like the moon,
When they all went roaring homewards
An hour before dawn.

Those living images of their deaths
Better than with skill
Blindly and rowdily balanced
Gently took their fall

While the world under their footsoles
Went whirling still
Gay and forever, in the bottomless black
Silence through which it fell.

TED HUGHES

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Escape and Involvement

THE INSURGENTS. By Vercors. Harcourt, Brace and Co. $3.95.

By Dachine Rainer

THE INSURGENTS is a work of existentialist science fiction, and it was at first difficult to see what I saw in it. With the exception of pioneers like Jonathan Swift, Mary Shelley, H. G. Wells, and only recently Bertrand Russell, I abhor science fiction; as for existentialism, I expressed myself on this subject at least a decade ago in an article entitled "The Emperor's New Clothes". Consequently, I was surprised that in spite of Vercors' philosophical speculation, which was sometimes dull, I enjoyed this new novel very much. It may be that although Vercors' ideas are neither profound nor original, his characterization and his style, and more than either of these, his emotional intensity—for it is a great pleasure these days to read a prose writer who feels deeply, to whom people and ideas *matter*—move and involve the reader.

The doctor, Egmont, a leading character, embarks on an experiment to free himself from the human condition. He revolts against disease, old age and death, and in a series of Yogi-like exercises, almost succeeds in eluding the fate of his species. A rather curious, passionate, perverse and quite French love interest is maintained by Olga, who is also a doctor and Egmont's ex-mistress; she hovers, with a quaint and touching fidelity, over him and his terrifying departures into the recesses of his unconscious.

There is a second and interlocking story, in which a research scientist, a satiric writer and a labor organizer figure in a strike. Vercors thus indicates the two paths open to scientists and intellectuals: that of removing themselves, like Egmont, from affairs of the world, or living with a suffering sense of immediacy and working toward the amelioration of the evil men do. *The Insurgents* ends on an upbeat note; the strike is largely victorious and Egmont returns from months of unconsciousness to the universe of action.

It is a great pity that social satire, in which high moral values are implicit, has been replaced by science fiction in which ingenuity and an alarming preoccupation with technological progress rule the form; this is another example of spiritual decline in the face of materialist encroachments. Vercors may be on the path of restoring the balance, particularly in his present treatment of man as both an animal (and not a slightly more wonderful machine than a cash register) and as the most remarkable of the primates in his ability to modify an unreflective opportunism by the occasional suspicion of the existence of right and wrong.

DACHINE RAINER, novelist and poet, is the author of A Room at the Inn, *the first published section of a longer work.*

LETTER FROM MOROCCO

Paul Bowles

THE MOST important single element in Morocco's folk culture is its music. Since it always has been a land where illiteracy is the general rule, its production of written literature is negligible. On the other hand, like the Negroes of West Africa, the Moroccans have a magnificent and highly evolved sense of rhythm which manifests itself in the twin arts of music and the dance. Islam, however, does not look with favor upon any sort of dancing, and thus the art of the dance, while being the natural mode of religious expression of the native population, has never been encouraged here. At the same time, the very illiteracy which through the centuries has precluded the possibility of literature has abetted the development of music: the entire history and mythology of the people is clothed in song. Instrumentalists and singers have come into being in lieu of chroniclers and poets, and even during the most recent chapter in the country's evolution—the war for independence and the setting up of the present pre-democratic regime—each phase of the struggle has been celebrated in countless songs. It is a moot question whether this state of affairs will obtain once the French are really out and the nation is on its feet. It seems likely that since the Moroccan way of life has already begun to suffer drastic alterations, the conditions under which music is born will change accordingly and with ever-increasing speed. For the time being the need for new propaganda songs still persists.

The process of Europeanization which in most other economically "backward" countries of Asia and Africa (however regrettably from an esthetic point of view) is a natural concomitant of awakening nationalism and of the emphasis placed on mechanization, in Morocco is being hastened by a planned "deculturizing" campaign. This project for the destruction of Moroccan culture has been under way for the past three decades, but is only now attaining its full impetus, since the men who have been directing it in more or less clandestine fashion have at last come to power. Why, according to them, must that which is specifically Moroccan be suppressed? Why must there be no more street processions with drums and *rhaïtas*, no more Chleuh music and dancers in the markets, no more flutes in the cafés, no more religious ceremonies with choruses and dancing at the tombs of the saints in the country—in short, no more traditionally Moroccan entertainment of any kind? They will tell you that all these things are barbarous, that they are outward signs of a feudal way of life which

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must be extinguished in the people's consciousness as well as in objective fact, and somewhat impatiently, that in any case living conditions are a more important consideration than music. To these propositions one would readily agree if they were truly germane to the argument, but since they smack of speciousness, one is justified in seeking a more cogent reason for the prohibitions.

The most immediately satisfying explanation is that Moroccan popular culture is not preponderantly Arabic, but Berber, and since it is practically impossible to find a literate urban Arab here who considers that the Berbers have any culture at all, the general opinion is that the autochthonous population must at all costs be Arabized if it is to share in the benefits of independence. No one seems ever to have conceived of the possibility of an independent Berber Morocco; in fact, to mention the Berbers at all qualifies one as a pro-French reactionary. At present, to become modern means to become Egyptian. For "nationalism" in Morocco is a misnomer; it does not imply the forging of a political, economic, ethnic or cultural entity in the land, so much as it proclaims Morocco's support of the aims of the Arab League (as contrasted with the wider and less well-defined interests of the Moslem world.) This adherence being still merely a concept held by a tiny but articulate minority, the "nationalizing" of the country can be effected only through an intensive and lengthy campaign on all fronts, a campaign which to succeed requires a thoroughgoing revolution. It entails the urbanization of a pastoral and agricultural people living under conditions which were normal in Europe some fifteen centuries ago. Inasmuch as there is no discernible immediate necessity for the metamorphosis they are expected to undergo, the majority of Moroccans cannot cease being what they are, a vestige of antique civilization, until they have been forcibly transformed into something else.

THE MUSIC, apart from its contemporary function as a fairly accurate cultural barometer, has a very real esthetic value in itself. Morocco has been a crossroads where the musics of Asia, Africa and Europe have met, repulsed one another, merged, divided, re-met and re-merged. Just as the cult of Pan is still extant in the mountains here, so there are elements in the rural music of the entire North African littoral which defy strict classification as to geographical source, vestigial elements of an extremely ancient Mediterranean musical culture, perhaps already here when the Phoenicians arrived, and yet not necessarily indigenous to North Africa.

The neolithic Berbers have always had their own music, and they still have it. It is a hieratic art (neither Arabic nor Mediterranean), highly percussive and with complicated juxtapositions of rhythms, limited scalar range (often of no more than three adjacent tones) and a unique style of vocalizing. Like most Africans, the Berbers developed a music of mass-participation, one whose psychological effects were aimed more often than not at causing hypnosis. When the Arabs invaded the land, they brought with them music of a very different sort, addressed to the individual, seeking by sensory means to induce a state of philosophical speculativeness. In this hostile region they built their great walled cities, where they entrenched themselves, and from which they sent out soldiers to continue the conquest, southward into the Sudan, northward into Europe. With the importation of large numbers of Negro slaves the urban culture ceased being a purely Arabic one. (The child of a union between a female slave and her master has always been considered legitimate.) Across the strait in Spain, at the apogee of Moroccan power, a court music was developed which, using the texts of the local contemporary Islamic poets, combined Arabic prosody, West African (and to a lesser extent Berber) rhythms, with the melodic tournure and loose polyphony of the medieval Europeans. The idiom was brought back to Morocco by Moslem refugees when Castille invaded Andalusia, and is still a living tradition in the larger cities. Because this music, called Andaluz, is considered to be of primarily Arabic inspiration, it, along with the popular ditties of the day (which have political texts and often use familiar folk-melodies of Berber origin); is the only Moroccan music which receives the endorsement of the powers that be. Each Friday one can still hear it over the radio, whereas the few regular broadcasts of music in other Moroccan idioms have ceased. Not that Andaluz music is in favor with the masses, either urban or rural: a generation ago the city people turned to Egypt for their musical and cinematic entertainment, and have remained with it ever since, while the country people up until now have made their own music.

The *idée fixe* of performers here today is that music must be written

Storm Windows

People are putting up storm windows now,
Or were, this morning, until the heavy rain
Drove them indoors. So, coming home at noon,
I saw storm windows lying on the ground,
Frame-full of rain; through the water and glass
I saw the crushed grass, how it seemed to stream
Away in lines like seaweed on the tide
Or blades of wheat leaning under the wind.
The ripple and splash of rain on the blurred glass
Seemed that it briefly said, as I walked by,
Something I should have liked to say to you,
Something . . . the dry grass bent under the pane
Brimful of bouncing water . . . something of
A swaying clarity which blindly echoes
This lonely afternoon of memories
And missed desires, while the wintry rain
(Unspeakable, the distance in the mind!)
Runs on the standing windows and away.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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out in European notation, as in Egypt. Even if this were possible in the case of Moroccan music, which it manifestly is not, the tension formed by simultaneous improvisatory freedom and strict adherence to traditional form, which as in jazz is the very soul of the music, would still be destroyed. The solution, according to the Egyptian musicians who have been arriving in Morocco during the past year, is to write new music. Mambos and tangos are the most popular forms; rhythms are basic and harmonies startlingly inept. The difference in quality of both musical ideas and workmanship between the old and the new products is roughly that which exists between a page of illuminated manuscript form a tenth-century Koran and a souvenir pennant from Atlantic City.

IN connection with this program of cultural liquidation, the astonishing fact is not that no influential Moroccan has as yet raised his voice against the destruction of one of his country's most precious possessions (for, after all, the statesmen and politicians of a new nation struggling for survival have other things to be concerned about besides the preservation of an art to which they have never given a thought in any case), but that no musicologist from any country has made an effort to capture the music on tape or disc before its disappearance. Astonishing, because so much recording has been done in other parts of the world where the music is often of less beauty and less actual value to the student of musicology. Twenty-five years ago it was sometimes possible to find in the souks of Fez a battered record containing an arbitrarily truncated three minutes' worth of Andaluz music; a few Chleuh songs are obtainable on records, but apart from these two categories (plus, of course, the modern commercial material) nothing is available, or ever has been. No *q'sida* (Arabo-Berber prototype of the medieval Spanish *casida*) has to my knowledge ever been recorded, yet until as recently as 1950 they were still being sung and played by wandering minstrels outside the gates of Fez and occasionally in the Djemaa el Fna of Marrakech. No Riffian music of any sort exists in recorded form, nor does any of the splendid music of the various (now forbidden) religious brotherhoods. Nor is anything available from the tribes of the Middle Atlas or from the south of Morocco, where the Draoua, for instance, have a music which is unique in Northwest Africa, and calls to mind the songs of Ethiopia. Nor have I ever discovered a single recorded example of the extremely beautiful cantorial art of the Moroccan Jews, of an early Hispanic cast, and utterly different from what we are accustomed to hear in Europe, America or the Middle East.

Now it is too late to take down some things, because they have ceased to exist; but in the hinterlands, providing he were astute enough to overcome the obstacles which might be placed in his path by the self-appointed censor in the population, the intrepid field musicologist would still find enough material left to make even a partially successful attempt well worth his effort.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THE TOUGHEST THING to have and hold in the TV business is integrity. Although theirs may some day be the Kingdom of Heaven, integrity-holders rarely get even an inside office on Madison Avenue. A few survive in what Webster defines as "the unimpaired state," but most are eventually dropped if they find it impossible to accept the compromises pressed by audience-conscious sponsors and sponsor-conscious networks. The heat is put on when ratings drop, regardless of the quality of the program. It is the rating system that decides—and ratings, whose accuracy nobody can prove, are based on quantity alone. It's a mass medium, and Heaven help those who prefer their validity to their Nielsen.

At the year's end, NBC applies the axe to *Ding-Dong School*—its one live weekly half-hour for nursery-age children. Its audience has steadily dwindled (or so say the rating oracles) and its sponsors have taken flight for pastures where there are greener wallets. Dr. Frances Horwich, creator and star of the show, was invited to remain at NBC as supervisor of children's programs, although two weekly half-hours are all there would be to supervise. Dr. Horwich was understandably doubtful that NBC intended to use her abilities, did not thrill at the prospect of supervising *Howdy-Doody*, and resigned from NBC. She wanted to do a sound educational show which could be completely believable to her audience; she held out against accepting a sponsor who would require her to do otherwise. "I just couldn't implore the children to eat candy every day and maintain my principles," she said. Her office is stacked each day with thousands of protesting letters from mothers and children who believe in *Ding-Dong School* and say so; much as the young in heart for many decades have been saying "Yes, I believe" in response to Peter Pan. They've saved Tinker Bell's life, but voices raised for Miss Frances cannot be heard above the rating computers.

NBC says it is determined to do a show for the penny-spending little viewers: "Something new, different, imaginative and exciting." It even proposed that Dr. Horwich go to Europe to see if she couldn't dig up something to fit the bill. Dr. Horwich resisted the temptation, preferring to start afresh elsewhere to prove that there's nothing very new and exciting under the sun for little people who, from time immemorial, have enjoyed the simple pleasures of paper, paint, scissors and clay—and the quiet security of a loving woman.

ANOTHER recent victim of the rating system is Walter Winchell. He says it is "a racket," has launched a white-heat campaign to get Con-

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gress to investigate, has announced Bishop Fulton J. Sheen (whose show is rated a slow third against *Medic* and *I Love Lucy*) as his star witness. I doubt that even this socko combination could get the legislators to accept rating as a major national issue, particularly when Winchell's righteous indignation strangely coincides with the demise of his NBC show, his brand of vulgarity having failed to compete successfully against the films of the *Zane Grey Theatre* and *Crossroads*.

The danger of depending on the rating system is that it doesn't differentiate between Miss Frances, who got the gate for being too good, and WW who got it for being too unbearably bad. When will NBC have the courage to choose for itself, to encourage the Frances Horwichs of this world, to throw its weight behind a bit of daily learning for little people—or big ones for that matter—even if it doesn't make the maximum sales pitch to a maximum audience? NBC might be pleasantly surprised to discover that, although quality may not sell as fast as mediocrity, it makes firmer friends and influences people a lot longer.

IN PAST columns I have cited some examples of this; another is Herbert Brodkin, the young TV dramatic producer who holds fast to his determination to present valid plays. Brodkin has just signed a two-year contract with CBS, where his first assignment will be a series of ten *Studio One* plays. He believes that controversy is great drama and has done a wide variety of shows which are controversial in the sense of presenting problems of contemporary life —"Tragedy in a Temporary Town," "Thunder in Washington," Thurber's "13 Clocks," among others. But he firmly resisted my attempt to label him as a crusader: "Sure, I have a reputation for doing controversial shows. But I don't do them because they are controversial, but because they are great drama."

It has been by no means easy for Brodkin. Ever since his army days, when he produced USO shows, he has run up against employers who say "Do a great show—but don't hurt anybody and don't get into any problems." Brodkin, believing that this order cancels itself out, has largely ignored it and has been right enough times to get away with his independence. He finds the challenge stimulating and is always prepared to stack his ability against the current directive. His intensity spills over to writers working with him. Watch the coming *Studio One* series for David Davidson's "Hungarian Rhapsody," which will dramatize the life of a Hungarian family from dawn to dusk of the first day of the revolution and for "The Commentator," which will tackle the right of a network to editorialize. John Secondari, ABC Washington bureau chief and author of *Coins in a Fountain,* is writing it. Brodkin looks forward, with a healthy mixture of courage, humor and honesty to building, in the encouraging atmosphere at CBS, the greatest drama hour on the air. Judging from his plans, and from his proved integrity, I am sure he will.

The network executives have placed their trust in ratings, it is true. But there is always hope that they will also respond to qualitative reactions. It may be more trouble to write a letter of commendation—or even honest opinion—than it was to say "Yes" to Mary Martin but the viewer who does may well encourage networks and those who create their programs to believe in the value of quality. It would certainly make it a happier New Year —televisionally speaking.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

December 23 through 28

(See local papers for time and channel) Herewith selected doses of electronic Christmas spirit.

Sunday, December 23

A CHRISTMAS CAROL (NBC; Alcoa Hour). The new medium gives an old favorite a slight twist—calls it "The Stingiest Man in Town," makes it a 90-minute musical with Basil Rathbone singing Scrooge. The cast includes the Metropolitan's Patricia Munsel, Gilbert and Sullivan's Martyn Green, Hollywood's Vic Damone.

MEDICAL HORIZONS (ABC). Christmas party for smallfry patients at Morristown (N.J.) Memorial Hospital. Don Goddard as Santa Claus.

OMNIBUS (ABC). Highbrow look at the Star of Bethlehem. Scientific and religious exploration from the Hayden Planetarium, N.Y.C.

Monday, December 24

CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL (CBS). CBS cameras will visit Hungarian refugees' barracks at Camp Kilmer, after bringing us Holy Communion from Washington's National Episcopal Cathedral.

CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL (NBC). Pontifical Midnight Mass from St. Patrick's Cathedral, N.Y.C.

CHRISTMAS EVE SPECIAL (ABC; Voice of Firestone). Eleanor Steber in a program of sacred music and carols, and the "Mickey Mouse Club" taking a look at Christmas in Denmark. Also midnight masses from St. John the Divine, N.Y.C., and the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, Washington, D. C.

AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS (NBC; Robert Montgomery Presents). Seventh annual showing of Menotti's TV classic. With Rosemary Kuhlman, and Kirk Jordan as Amahl. (Color).

Radio

December 23

THE MESSIAH (CBS). Oratorio Society's annual presentation of the Handel work.

December 24

CHRISTMAS SING WITH BING (CBS). Another traditional program of the season in which Crosby invites the audience to join in.

December 28

U.N. TASK FORCE (ABC). Last of special documentaries on crisis in Egypt and Hungary. No Christmas spirit included.

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MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

BERLIOZ, who was one of the great musical creators, was also a great critic; and I use the word "great" to indicate not only the magnitude of his critical perception and literary gift but the personal qualities which shine through the writing. The perception that formulates itself with literary brilliance and delightful gaiety and wit is at the same time one that deals rigorously with the work of art before it; and in addition to this integrity there are intensity, passion and nobility which, expressing themselves in a rhetorically heightened style, are very moving.

Berlioz did daily musical journalism that he hated, in order to earn the living he could not earn by writing the music he loved; and since the French public that was indifferent to his music enjoyed his criticism, he published collections of his prose writings to earn additional money. Of these collections one, *Les Soirées de l'orchestre,* has an unusual and amusing framework: the author spends a number of evenings in the orchestra pit of an opera house; and when a worthless opera is performed the members of the orchestra read, tell stories or talk about music, providing the opportunities for Berlioz to introduce his articles. Though the volume includes pieces of serious criticism, like the long study of Spontini or the report on music in London, its contents are mostly the lighter, sometimes extravagantly fantastic or satirical, but always accurately perceptive writings, like the pieces on the art of the claque, the life-cycle of the opera tenor, the miseries of being a critic. *Les Soirées* is the only one of the collections that has been published in this country: a translation by Charles E. Roche appeared in 1929; and now we have *Evenings with the Orchestra,* translated by Jacques Barzun, the title-page informs us, "at the request of the Berlioz Society" (Knopf, $6).

When it announced the project to its members the Society said its first idea had been a re-issue of the Roche version, but it had decided, "after consultation with Jacques Barzun and other authorities, to . . . work for a completely new translation." Presumably it was influenced by Mr. Barzun's opinion, stated in his book on Berlioz, that Roche had translated *Les Soirées* "so clumsily and with so many blunders . . . that it ought to be done over." And though Mr. Barzun, in a note on his translation, now concedes that the Roche version "had occasional merit, and wherever it contained a happy turn of phrase this has been preserved," he still contends that "as a whole the rendering was inaccurate and unidiomatic." Actually, Mr. Barzun's version is only a little less old-fashioned in its English than Roche's and is less accurate. For it is not the "completely new translation" which the Berlioz Society commissioned; instead it is largely the Roche translation with an occasional word or phrase by Mr. Barzun which as often as not replaces a happy or correct turn of phrase with something less good or less correct.

THERE IS space for only a few typical examples. Where Roche has "He took unto himself a wife" instead of "He married" for Berlioz' *"Il se maria,"* Mr. Barzun only makes it "He took a wife." On the other hand, where Roche translates *"ton jeune courage"* simply as "your young courage" it is Mr. Barzun who makes this "your fledgling valor." When Berlioz asks the tenor dizzy with success not to condescend to the composer: *"Quand, du haut de votre élégant cabriolet, vous apercevrez dans la rue, à pied, Meyerbeer, Spontini . . .,"* Roche keeps Berlioz' image in "When, from the height of your elegant carriage, you see in the street Meyerbeer, Spontini . . . afoot . . .," but Mr. Barzun changes it with "When, from the depths of your elegant carriage . . ." And when Berlioz has Cellini exclaim: *"Il est donc vrai! tu composes pour le grand-duc! Il s'agit même, dit-on, d'une oeuvre plus vaste et plus hardie . . ."* — "So it is true! You are composing for the Grand Duke! Even, they say, a grander and bolder work . . ." — Roche weakens this a little with "It is, then, true that you are composing music for the Grand Duke! Even, as they say, a work . . ."; but Mr. Barzun waters the impassioned outburst down to "If what I hear is true, you are composing for the Grand Duke; composing a work . . ." This illustrates an important fact: Mr. Barzun's renderings tend toward a prissy urbanity which is not Berlioz'.

This brings us again to Mr. Barzun's note on his translation, which is his answer to the criticism of his volume of Berlioz letters two years ago. His way of translating, he says, is a "re-composition" to achieve what "would express precisely this thought in English today"; as such, he foresees, it will disappoint those who like to be aware of a foreign author's foreignness, and will annoy those "who in a text can see only words," not "atmosphere and continuity of thought, rhythm and emphasis, allusion and local intent," and who consequently will "make an outcry when they compare the original 'meaning' revealed to their college French with equivalents of the kind I have tried to give."

I cannot speak for the possessors of college French; but I can speak for myself. I happen to have learned French as a boy of eleven in Vienna, with the result that today, although I cannot speak it with any ease, it is for me, when I read it, a living language, a medium of communication of "atmosphere and continuity of thought, rhythm and emphasis." Not, of course, to the degree that English is, but enough for me to be able to perceive that Mr. Barzun's "If what I hear is true, you are composing for the Grand Duke . . ." does not achieve in English the rhythm and emphasis and atmosphere of Berlioz' *"Il est donc vrai! Tu composes pour le grand-duc! . . ."* I admit that when I read a French writer I think I should be aware that he is French; certainly when I read Berlioz I want to receive a communication of the mind and personality of Berlioz. Mr. Barzun contends this is achieved in English by his re-composition—which amounts to saying that if Berlioz wrote in English today he would write the prose of Mr. Barzun. And this seems to me rather unlikely.

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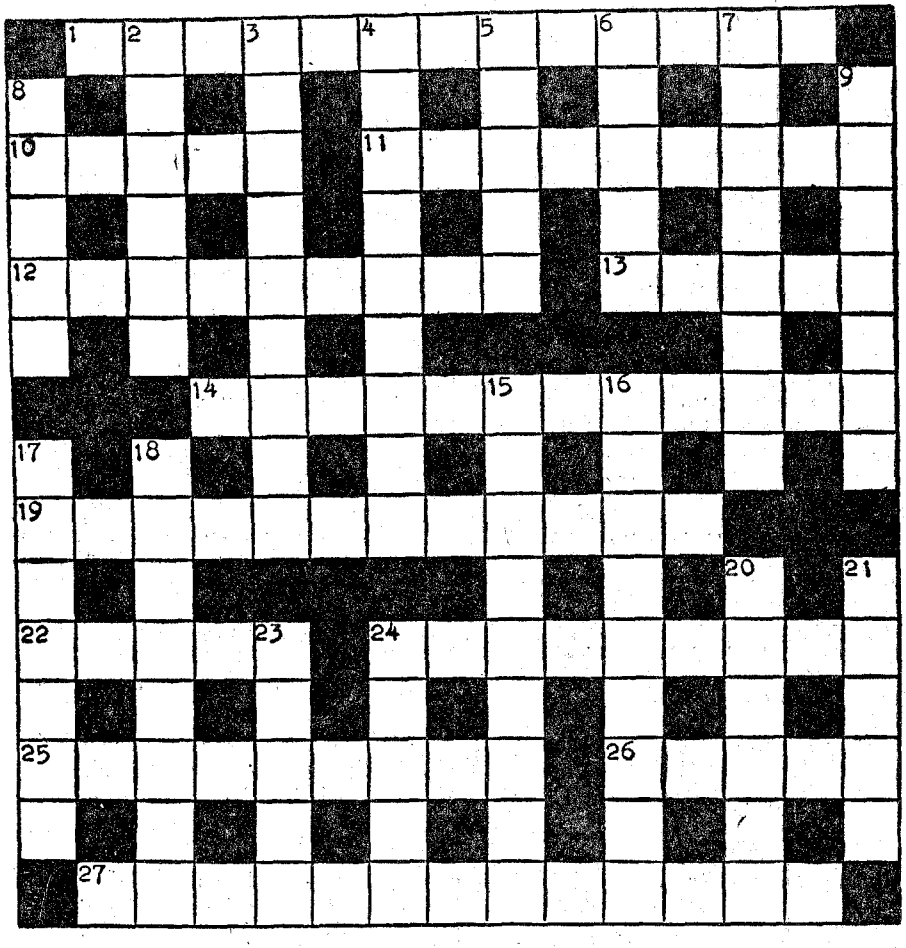
Crossword Puzzle No. 703

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 To insert abusive remarks shouldn't be characteristic of such a non-participant. (5-2-3-3)
10 Ten to ten in the morning, as an established principle. (5)
11 A morbid state in the process of painting. (9)
12 10 across should follow this—particularly placed around a soldier. (9)
13 See 24 down.
14 A reciprocal action concerning strikers in the band. (12)
19 A rather crafty profession for a president! (12)
22 Likely to make a sloppy job when the paint is spilt! (5)
24 Give Tom a pick-me-up, if he's subject to such alternate periods of stupor and activity. (9)
25 Although he started out as an enlisted man, he was commissioned! (9)
26 Country whose make-up could suggest a link with another. (5)
27 Evidently the airship has a mind of its own! (8, 5)

DOWN:

2 They're supposed to go "bump" in the night. (6)
3 Don't appear dirty, admit! (4, 5)
4 Humoring, but untingled. (9)
5 Testify, if not present, and somewhat snappish. (5)
6 Possibly straightens things out through the medium of the press. (5)
7 Unversed? (8)
8 Would she be likely to have a successful "coming out?" (5)
9 Showing a certain amount of feeling in the search. (7)
15 Is it the red car hired for exclusive use? (9)
16 Like pacts? It's somewhat doubtful! (9)
17 Doesn't provide for very much. (7)
18 A bar is no place to be wearing a disguise. (8)
20 and 21 down The Red Sea? Far from it! (6, 5)
23 Wake, perhaps. (The hearing seems to be disturbed.) (5)
24 and 13 across Made by a new broom? (5, 5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 702

ACROSS: 1 INDIAN FILE; 10 and 14 CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES; 11 CRUSHES; 12 HAIRPINS; 13 BALSA; 15 FUDGE; 17 DEPRESSED; 19 ELOQUENCE; 21 STAIR; 23 UNLIT; 24 TREASURY; 27 INGROWN; 28 INVOICE; 29 SIDE; 30 ORIGINATOR. DOWN: 2 and 6 DEAF AND DUMB; 3 AMBER; 4 FORBIDDEN; 5 LOCKS; 7 UPHOLDS; 8 BYSTANDERS; 9 TUMBLERS; 16 EQUATION; 18 PRECEDING; 20 OBLIGED; 22 AIRLIFT; 24 TUNER; 25, 26 and 1 down SEVEN-YEAR ITCH.

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